

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

JULY, 1808.

ANECDOTES OF HEROISM.

WHEN Thurot effected a landing in Ireland, in the seven years war, while the French and English troops were engaging in the streets of Carrickfergus, a young child got between the combatants; which a French soldier observing, quitted his rank, and led it out of danger; and while he was employed in this humane action, both parties suspended their fire*.

October 26, 1762, Captain Clark of the Sheerness, 24 guns, was chased into Villa Franca by a French ship of 64 guns, and two frigates. La Minerve, one of the French frigates, struck on a rock and was wrecked; but the whole crew, except 25 men were saved by the British seamen†.

When James II. was going by sea to Scotland, he was wrecked, but got ashore in the boat. The seamen on board when they saw him safe, gave three cheers, though the ship was sinking.

The same prince, when he was informed that the French fleet had beaten the English in Bantry Bay, though it was in his own cause, could not help exclaiming: 'It is the first time then.' And afterwards being a spectator of the burning of the French ships that were run ashore after the battle of La Hogue, he cried out, 'None but my brave English could do this‡.' What a

* Entick's History of the War, † Dobson's Annals of the War.

‡ Dalrymple.

pity that such seeds of patriotism should have produced such bad fruit !

In the war for the Spanish succession, while the Earl of Peterborough was treating at one of the gates of Barcelona about the surrender of that city, some of the Spanish troops on his side forced their way in, and began to pillage. The magistrates upbraided the earl with treachery. He answered, 'Only admit the British troops, and you will see if we are perfidious enemies.' They complied. He marched into the town, drove out the Spaniards, and, returning to the gate, finished the capitulation without taking any advantage of being in actual possession of the place.

In the hottest of the fire at Lincelles, General H—— saw a soldier standing out of the ranks, and firing at the enemy with an immense broad gold-laced hat and red feather on his head. He rode up to him, and made him very reluctantly, take it off. Some of the men being in want of cartridges, the same soldier produced his pockets full of them, which he had taken from the French soldiers, as he had the hat from an officer.—After the battle was over, he asked permission of the general to wear the hat for a couple of days, which was granted; but before night he bartered his trophy for strong beer.

At the same battle, a soldier who had his leg shot off was carried off the field, by two of his comrades, on a hand barrow. One of them, on perceiving him motionless, said to the other, 'Zounds! I believe it is all over with Jack.'—On which the wounded soldier roared out, 'It's a d—d lie,' and began singing 'God save the king!' Colonel S——, who was close by and heard it, got the king's letter for him.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. XI.

Collatis undique membris.—HOR.

DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR PAUL.

THE Emperor, from an aversion he had taken to those palaces, which formed the favourite residence of Catha-

rine, resolved upon building a palace for himself. The gorgeous magnificence of Zarsco Zelo, and of the Winter palace, and all the Oriental voluptuousness of the Hermitage, were hateful to him; indeed, to such an elevation had his abhorrence of these places attained, that he had determined to reduce them to the dust, that only

“ — the blackness of ashes should mark where they stood.”

His fate, which was fast approaching, prevented the accomplishment of this irretrievable act of delirium. The Emperor and his family resided, at the time when the confederacy had resolved upon his removal, in the new palace of Saint Michael. It is an enormous quadrangular pile, of red Dutch brick, rising from a massy basement of hewn granite; it stands at the bottom of the Summer Gardens, and the lofty spire of its Greek chapel, richly covered with ducat gold, rising above the trees, has a beautiful appearance.

As Paul was anxious to inhabit this palace as soon after he was crowned as possible, the masons, the carpenters, and various artificers, toiled with incredible labour by day and by torch-light, under the sultry sun of the summer, and in all the severity of a polar winter, and in three years this enormous and magnificent fabric was completed. The whole is moated round, and when the stranger surveys its bastions of granite, and numerous draw-bridges, he is naturally led to conclude, that it was intended for the last asylum of a Prince at war with his subjects. Those who have seen its massy walls, and the capaciousness and variety of its chambers, will easily admit, that an act of violence might be committed in one room, and not be heard by those who occupy the adjoining one; and that a massacre might be perpetrated at one end, and not known at the other. Paul took possession of this palace as a place of strength, and beheld it with rapture, because his Imperial mother had never even seen it. Whilst his family were here, by every act of tenderness endeavouring to soothe the terrible perturbation of his mind, there were not wanting those who exerted every stratagem to inflame and encrease it. These people were constantly insinuating, that every hand was armed against him. With this impression, which added fuel to his burning brain, he ordered a secret stair-case to be constructed, which, leading from his own chamber, passed

under a false stove in the anti-room, and led by a small door to the terrace.

It was the custom of the Emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the Empress's, upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the Grand Duke and Duchess, and the rest of the Imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the tenth day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to Count P——, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the Emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combinations forming against your Majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the Emperor, and the Governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the Empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual: and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the Emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the stair-case which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the

faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusee: much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan. Z—— drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room; the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double folding doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the Prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor; Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P—— Z—— relented, and upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, “We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow’s sun, we shall be his victims!” Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was ne

more: they then retired from the palace, without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted; medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor, fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domestics; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown. So passed away this night of horror, and thus perished a prince, to whom nature was *severely* bountiful. The acuteness and pungency of his feeling was incompatible with happiness: unnatural prejudice pressed upon the fibre, too finely spun, and snapped it.

'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose
 Forgery of fancy and a dream of woes;
 Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright;
 The screws revers'd (a task which if he please
 God in a moment executes with ease),
 Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

COWPER

The sun shone upon a new order of things. At seven o'clock the intelligence of the demise of Paul spread through the capital. The interval of time from its first communication to its diffusion over every part of Petersburg, was scarcely perceptible. At the parade Alexander presented himself on horseback, when the troops, with tears rolling down their rugged and sun-browned faces, hailed him with loud and cordial acclamation. The young emperor was overwhelmed, and at the moment of mounting the throne of the most extensive empire under heaven, he was seen to turn from the grand and affecting spectacle, and weep.

What followed is of very subordinate consideration: but perhaps it will be eagerly asked, to what extremity did the avenging arm of Justice pursue the perpetrators of the deed? Mercy, the brightest jewel of every crown, and a forlorn and melancholy conviction, that the reigning motive was the salvation of the empire, prevented her from being vindictive. Never upon the theatre of life was there presented a scene of more affecting magnanimity; decency, not revenge, governed the sacrifice. P—— Z—— was ordered not to approach

the imperial residence, and the governor of the city was transferred to Riga. As soon as Madame Chevalier was informed of the demise of her imperial patron, she prepared, under the protection of her brother, a dancer, for flight, with a booty of nearly a million of rubles. A police officer was sent to inspect and report upon her property : amongst a pile of valuable articles, he discovered a diamond cross of no great intrinsic value, which had been given by Peter I. to a branch of the imperial family, and on that account much esteemed ; it was to recover this that the officer was sent, who obtained it, after the most indecent and unprincipled resistance on her part. Passports were then granted to Madame Chevalier and her brother. Thus terminated this extraordinary and impressive tragedy.

DOM. NOEL D'ARGONNE.

THIS Carthusian Monk, of Gallion in Normandy seems the only one of his venerable fraternity who has ever written upon subjects of Belles Lettres. The first two volumes of that learned and agreeable miscellany "*Les Melanges de la Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil de Merville, were compiled by him. The third volume was put together by the Abbé Banier, perhaps from the papers of the elegant Carthusian, who appears to have lived very much in the world. He occasionally speaks of his travels to Rome ; and his observations seem replete with that knowledge and discrimination of character which a secluded life can never afford.

"The Painters," says he, in the second volumes of his *Melanges*, "who are enraptured with their art, take every opportunity of sketching any fine heads they happen to meet with, particularly when they have something extraordinary about them. An humble imitator of those Artists, I make pictures of those persons in whom I perceive any thing remarkable. Mr. M. N. is now under my pencil. He is a man of quality, sensible, handsome, and genteel. He is extremely pleasant in society, but knows not what it is to love, or to have a real regard for any one. He is of opinion, that the heart is given us merely to purify the blood, to set it in motion, and to render it perfect, and not to receive any impressions of tenderness or of attachment to mankind. He looks upon

this principal part of ourselves as a simple machine, and nearly as the principal pump of Paris, which serves merely to raise the water of the Seine, and to distribute it through the city. Mr. M. N. pays visits, and is visited in his turn: he is polite to every one. Every person who meets him is always glad to see him, and when he quits him, it is always with some degree of regret. His understanding turns itself as he pleases, and he accommodates himself to the talents, and the turn of mind, and the capacity of every one who comes near him. He is a divine with divines, a philosopher with philosophers, a politician with politicians, a man of frolick with those who have that turn of mind. In short, prepared for any thing, he is the man of every person, and still the man of no one. He forgets you as soon as your back is turned, and never thinks but of pleasing those who are immediately before him. He passes imperceptibly from one scene to another, and from one character to another. He is always himself, and yet he is never himself. He takes time as it comes. The day of yesterday remains not in his memory, and he never by care and by foresight anticipates that of to-morrow."

Dom' Noel wrote upon "Education," or, the "History of M. de Moncade," accompanied with some maxims and reflections. Rousseau appears to have read this work, and to have made some use of it in his "*Emile*." Dom' Noel's Treatise "*Sur la Lecture des Peres de l'Eglise*," or on the manner in which the fathers should be read, was a book much esteemed in the Catholic church of France.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BUTLER, LATE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.—This worthy prelate being on a visit to an old college friend, who had fitted up his parsonage with great neatness, was complimenting him upon his improvements. "Why aye, my lord, (says the doctor,) you have been plaguing me about marriage for some years back, and now you see I have got a *trap* at last." "Why, yes, doctor, (replied the bishop,) the *trap's* very well, but I'm afraid (looking him full in the face, which was none of the handsomest,) I'm afraid the woman won't like the *bait*."

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

Letter I.

*“ Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far,
His light those mists and clouds dissolv’d.
Which our dark nation long involv’d.”*

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

CHAUCER has constantly been styled the father of English poetry. He possesses every claim to this high and honourable appellation, both from the number, variety, and excellence of his works, as well as their great superiority, not only to those who preceded him, or even his cotemporaries, but even to many who succeeded him for centuries afterwards. His poetry is strictly in the language of nature, and is not deformed by an admixture of such unmeaning quibbles, and far-fetched conceits, as are to be found in the works of Cowley and his cotemporaries. “I hold Chaucer,” says Dryden, “in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so also he knows when to leave off: a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace.” Dryden, indeed has given us a sufficient proof in what estimation he held the old bard, by his excellent version of some of the Canterbury Tales, and perhaps Chaucer is more known to the world through the medium of his great successor, than from his own intrinsic merit. It is a very general opinion that the poetry of Chaucer is almost as unintelligible to a modern reader, as if it were written in some foreign language, and that recourse must as often be had to a glossary on reading the former, as to a dictionary in studying the latter. Chaucer, we know, was born early in the 14th century, during the reign of Edward III. We also know that the English language was then in a most uncouth and barbarous state; how then, is it possible that those who live nearly 500 years after him, should be able to enjoy his poetry. This is the language of those who have never attempted what they describe as impossible, and poor Chaucer is left

very quietly to sleep on the shelf, undisturbed, except by the researches of the antiquary. The verse of Chaucer, certainly, does not constantly appear harmonious to our ears, neither do I imagine that an uninterrupted flow of metre, and equality of numbers, were then considered as essentials: it was not till centuries after our poet's death, that English verse acquired that smoothness and polish which it now possesses. It was left for Waller and Dryden to give the finish to what Chaucer had so nobly begun.

It is much to be lamented that Mr. Godwin did not devote some part of his *Life* of this great poet, to a more extensive history of, and criticism upon, the *Canterbury Tales*, in comparison of which, the greater part of Chaucer's other productions will seem uninteresting. They are so descriptive of the character and manners of the times, that "the pilgrims," says Dryden, "their humours, their features, and their very dress, are as distinctly before me, as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark." Perhaps a few extracts from the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, may not be unacceptable to some of the readers of the *Cabinet*, which, when divested of the disguise of old spelling, will not appear so unintelligible as is generally supposed. Chaucer, after informing us that in the month of April it was usual for pilgrims to assemble at the shrine of "the holy martyr, at Canterbury," thus proceeds:

" Befel that in that season on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabart where I lay,
Ready to wendin on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with devout courage,
At night were come into that hostery
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, who by adventure fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all.
'That toward Canterbury wouldin ride *.'" l. 19, &c.

He then describes the person, character, and condition of each of these pilgrims. I shall extract part of his description of "The Parson."

" A good man there was of religion,
And he was a poor parson of a town:

* Chaucer very frequently finishes a sentence with the first line of the verse.

But rich he was of holy thought and work,
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,
 That Christ's gospel truly would he preach,
 His parish'ners devoutly would he teach.
 Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
 And in adversity full patient.
 Wide was his parish, and houses asunder,
 But he left not, neither for rain nor thunder,
 In sickness nor in mischief to visit
 The farthest of his parish, much or lite,
 Upon his feet : and in his hand a staff.
 This good example to his flock he gave,
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught."
 l. 479, &c.

The other characters are described in a similar manner.

Norwich.

E. D.

[To be continued.]

SCOTT'S MARMION.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I LATELY picked up by accident, a book entitled, if I rightly remember,—“*A circumstantial Account of the Battle of Flodden Field*,” written in a kind of poetry, and extending to upwards of 400 verses. From the cursory perusal which I have had time to give it, I think that Mr. Walter Scott has been considerably indebted to it for the historical materials of his *Marmion*. A comparison might not be uninteresting. This book was written about the time of Queen Elizabeth, but no author's name is given. It was reprinted in London, about the year 1774. Some of the pieces in Mr. Scott's appendix, are copied from it verbatim. The book belongs to the University here.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

Glasgow.

J. F.

LOGIC, OR THE ART OF REASONING.

LOGIC, or (as it may be called) the art of disputing sophistically, makes a considerable part of our academical education : yet Gassendus, who was a very great *reasoner*, has attempted to prove, that it is, in truth, neither necessary nor useful. He thinks, that reason, or innate force and energy of understanding,

is sufficient of itself *; that its own *natural* movements, without any discipline from *art*, are equal to the investigation and settling of truth; that it no more wants the assistance of logic to conduct to this, than the eye wants a lanthorn to enable it to see the sun: and, however he might admit as curious, he would doubtless have rejected as useless, all such productions as Quillet's *Callipædia*, Thevenot on the *Art of Swimming*, or Borelli *de Motu Animalium*; upon the firmest persuasion, that the innate force and energy of nature, when instinct honestly does her best, is sure to attain those several objects, without any didactic rules or precepts.

If logic therefore be not necessary, it is probably of no great use; and it has been deemed not only an impertinent but a pernicious science. "Logic," says Lord Bacon, "is usually taught too early in life. That minds, raw and unfinished with matter, should begin their cultivation from such a science, is just like learning to weigh or measure the wind. Hence, what in young men should be manly reasoning, often degenerates into ridiculous affectations and childish sophistry †." Certainly, where materials are wanting, the dispute must turn altogether upon words; and the whole will be conducted with the slight and legerdemain of sophistry. We have a pleasant instance upon record of this school-errantry, this trick of seeming to prove something, when in reality you prove nothing. A countryman, for the entertainment of his son, when returned from the University, ordered six eggs to be boiled; two for him, two for his mother, and two for himself: but the son, itching to give a specimen of his newly acquired science, boiled only three. To the father, asking the reason of this, "*Why*," says the son, "*there are six*." "How so?" says the father, "I can make but three." "No!" replies the young sophister, "*is not here one?* (counting them out) *is not there two?*"

* *Dialectica naturalis* est ipsamet ratio, vel ingenita illa intellectus vis et energia, quâ ratiocinamur, et discurremus: et tantam videmus esse naturæ solertiam, ut quisque facillè, per se, et sine observatione, præstet quicquid necessarium est. *Adversus Aristotel. lib. ii. exercit. 1. Quod nulla sit necessitas utilitasque Dialecticæ.*

† De Augm. Scient. l. 2.

and is not there three? and do not one, two, and three, make six?" "Well then," says the father, "I'll take two, your mother shall have one, and you shall have the other three."

Many appearances may tempt one to suspect, that the understanding, disciplined with logic, is not so competent for the investigation of truth, as if left to its natural operations. "A man of wit," says Bayle, "who applies himself long and closely to logic, seldom fails of becoming a caviller*; and by his sophistical subtleties perplexes and embroils the very theses he hath defended. He chuses to destroy his own work, rather than forbear disputing; and he starts such objections against his own opinions, that his whole art cannot solve them. Such is the fate of those, who apply themselves too much to the subtleties of dialectics†." This is the opinion of Bayle, who probably knew from feeling and experience the truth of what he said; for he was a very great logician, as well as a very great sceptic.

Our memorable Chillingworth is another instance to prove, that logic, instead of assisting, may possibly obstruct and hurt the understanding. "Chillingworth," says Lord Clarendon, who knew him well, "was a man of great subtlety of understanding, and had spent all his younger time in disputation; of which he arrived to so great a mastery, as not to be inferior to any man in those skirmishes: but he had, with his notable perfection in this exercise, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that by degrees he grew confident in nothing, and a sceptic at least in the greatest mysteries of faith. All his doubts grew out of himself, when he assisted his scruples with the

* These *sylogistici* are terrible company to men in general, and fit only for one another. With them you cannot be said to have conversation, but altercation rather: for there is something so captious and litigious in their spirit, that they draw every the most trifling thing that can be started, into a dispute. Before such, you must not expect to talk at ease; that ease and indolence, which make a man careless about both ideas and language: no, you must be wary and correct; you must be always upon the defensive; but must keep a perpetual guard, as you would over your purse, were a pick-pocket in the room.

† Diet. Chrysippus.

strength of his own reason, and was then too hard for himself *."

To conclude.—What was the meaning of that stricture upon Seneca, *Verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera*, which, according to Lord Bacon, may thus be applied to the schoolmen, *Quæstionum minutii scientiarum frangunt soliditatem*? Why, that by their *litigiosa subtilitas*, as he calls it, by their *logical* refinements and distinctions, they had *chopped* truth so down into mincemeat, as to leave it not only without proportion or form, but almost without substance. S.

THE WEATHER.

It is a proverbial observation, that, in this country, persons, for want of other topics of conversation, are very apt to introduce the weather, and to inform the company, as if it were a discovery they had just made, and with which every one else was unacquainted, that it is a fine or a bad day.

This is commonly imputed to our shyness among strangers, and our natural taciturnity, which influences us to take the most obvious object that offers, rather than be at the trouble of seeking for more remote subjects. But is there any thing more interesting to the generality of mankind than the weather? I do not mean to the mariner and the husbandman only, who are so essentially interested in it, or even to the fox-hunter, whose pleasures are so completely interrupted by a frost; but to the idle and the literary. How would all the amusements of the former be deranged, if his ride or his walk was interrupted by the weather, especially in the country! and his only resource left would be to take up a book, and fancy he was trying to read. And how is the man of letters likely to suffer in his health, if he is not allured from his studies by the temptation of a bright sun shining into the room!

As for those gentlemen whose sole happiness depends on out-of-doors diversions, I have heard a remarkable instance of the means a set of sportsmen took to relieve themselves from an embarrassment occasioned by the weather.

* Life by himself, i. 56. 8vo.

Several young men were assembled at the house of an opulent friend, for the purpose of going out with the hounds. The morning proved unfavourable for the chace. After much anxious inquiry about the probability of a change in the atmosphere, finding there was no hope, and happening to be in the library, each had recourse to a book, and they began with great assiduity to turn over the leaves. This employment, however, began to grow tedious, which was soon expressed by stretching, yawning, and the other usual symptoms of ennui; till one more happy genius than the rest luckily hit on an expedient, and, throwing down his book, started up, and proposed going down into the park and whipping the jackasses. The proposal met with universal approbation, and was immediately put into execution.

From reading old diaries of the weather, and the time of ripening of fruits, one should suppose our climate has experienced some wonderful alterations. In the *Kalendarium Hortense*, at the end of Evelyn's *Sylva*, cherries are mentioned as being ripe in May*, and raspberries and currants in June, a circumstance I never remember to have seen, allowing for the eleven days difference occasioned by the alteration of the style. P.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

M. DE VOLTAIRE does not think two witnesses sufficient to prove the crime of a delinquent; and he alleges several cases, beside the famous and well-known case of the daughter of Sirven, which seems to justify his opinion. "A cabal," says he, "of the populace of Lyons, declared in 1772, that they saw a company of young people carrying, amidst singing and dancing, the dead body of a young woman, whom they had ravished and assassinated. The depositions of the witnesses to this abominable fact, or pretended fact, were unanimous; and, nevertheless, the judges acknowledged solemnly, in their sentence, that there had been neither singing nor dancing, nor girl violated, nor dead body carried. This may have been, in part, the fault of the judges, who, (as our author insinu-

* We have a cherry, it is true, called the MAY DUKE; but is either called so from the time of its ripening in some other climate, or ours must be much changed.

ates, and even affirms in this work *) are in France often more perfidious and corrupt than the witnesses. The case, indeed, of M. de Pivardiere is most singular, as it is almost incredible, and is nevertheless (according to our author) a public fact. Madame Chauvelin, his second wife, was accused of having had him assassinated in his castle. Two servant maids were witnesses of the murder: his own daughter heard the cries and last words of her father: 'My God! have mercy upon me!' One of the maid servants, falling dangerously ill, took the sacrament: and while she was performing this solemn act of religion, declared before God, that her mistress intended to kill her master. Several other witnesses testified, that they had seen linen stained with his blood; others declared that they had heard the report of the gun, by which the assassination commenced. His death was averred: nevertheless, at length it appeared, that there was no gun fired, no blood shed, nobody killed. What remains is still more extraordinary: M. de la Pivardiere returned home; he appears in person before the judges of the province, who were preparing every thing to execute vengeance on his murderer. The judges are resolved not to lose their process; they affirm to his face that he is dead; they brand him with the accusation of imposture for saying that he is alive; they tell him that he deserves exemplary punishment for coining a lie before the tribunal of justice; and maintain, that their procedures are more credible than his testimony. In a word, this criminal process continued eighteen months before the poor gentleman could obtain a declaration of the court that he was alive."

M. de Voltaire relates several other instances of the criminal precipitation, or still more criminal iniquity, of the French tribunals, in condemning to death, in its most cruel forms, innocent, inoffensive, nay, virtuous citizens. The story of Monthaille, who, without any accuser, witness, or any probable or suspicious circumstances, was seized by the superior tribunal of Arras in 1770, and condemned to have his hand cut off, to be broken on the wheel, and afterwards burned alive, for killing his mother, is one of those horrors that astonish and confound. This sentence was executed, and his wife was on the point of being thrown into the flames as his accomplice, when she pleaded her pregnancy, and gave the Chancellor of France,

* Prize of Justice and humanity.

who was informed of this infernal iniquity, time to have the sentence reversed, when her husband had fallen a victim to the bloody tribunal of Arras. "The pen trembles in my hand," cries our author, "while I relate these enormities! We have seen, by the letters of several French lawyers, that not one year passes, in which one tribunal or another does not stain the gibbet or the rack with the blood of unfortunate citizens, whose innocence is afterwards ascertained when it is too late."

LA MARECHAL D'ANCRE.

THIS upstart Minister, by name Concini, and foster-brother to Mary de Medicis, was so insolent, that he used to call the Gentlemen who were in his train, "My Hundred-a-year Scoundrels." Concini governed France so wretchedly and so despotically, that Malherbe said after his death, "Now it has pleased Heaven to take Concini away from us, we have no prayer left to make."

Howell, in his Letters, relates this account of the death of the Marshal d'Ancre from an eye-witness: "The young King Louis XIII. being told that the Marshal d'Ancre was the ground of the discontent amongst the people of Paris, commanded M. de Vitry, Captain of the Guards, to arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him. This business was carried very closely till the next morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the Louvre, with a ruffling train of gallants after him, and passing over the draw-bridge at the Court-gate, Vitry stood there with the King's guard about him, and, as the Marquis entered, he told him that he had a commission from the King to apprehend him, and therefore he demanded his sword. The Marquis hereupon put his hand upon his sword; some thought to yield it up, others to make opposition. In the mean time, Vitry discharged a pistol at him, and so dispatched him. The King being, above in his gallery, asked what noise that was below. One smilingly answered, Nothing, Sir, but that the Marshal d'Ancre is slain. Who slew him? The Captain of your Guards. Why? Because he would have drawn his sword at your Majesty's royal commission. The King then replied, Vitry has done well; and I will maintain the act. Presently the Queen-mother had all her guards taken from her, except six men and sixteen women, and so she was banished Paris, and com-

manded to retire to Blois. Ancre's body was buried that night in a church-yard by the court; but the next morning the lacquies and pages (who are more unhappy here than the apprentices of London) broke up his grave, tore the coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up and down the gutters of Paris (which are none of the sweetest); they then sliced off his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of the city: they cut off his genitories, and sent them as a present to the Duke of Maine. The rest of his body they carried to the new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards and his head downwards, upon a new gibbet, that had been set up a little before to punish them who should speak ill of the present government, and it was his chance to have the first fruits of it himself. His wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch, some few days after, upon a surmise that she had enchanted the Queen to dote so upon her husband: and they say, the young King's picture was found in her closet, in virgin wax, with one leg melted away. A little after, a process was formed against the Marquis her husband, and so he was condemned after death. This was a right act of a French popular fury, which, like an angry torrent, is irresistible, nor can any banks, boundaries, or dykes, stop the impetuous rage of it."

JOHANNA BAPTISTA VERU,

DAUGHTER of the Duke de Luynes, and a much beloved wife of the Count de Verue; a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishment, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her husband undesignedly contributed.

Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domestic life; the thoughtless and imprudent Count, was perpetually speaking of her charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy; a sovereign, who with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing so much of the Countess de Verue, and her husband frequently boasting how much she excelled all the ladies he saw, the king asked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happiness he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at

court, she became a favourite with the queen, who little suspected that she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus soon became passionately fond of her; princes and kings, it has been said, make rapid strides in love; the Countess fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part of her husband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation.

A separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public, her splendid infamy.

The injured queen was for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till with a design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favourite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honour of the birth of a child he had by the countess.

It was not till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The guilty countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels, which had been presented to the queen on her marriage; naturally provoked at such indecorous and unfeeling treatment; after reproaching them for thus adding insult to injury, the queen immediately quitted the room.

For the honour of the count, it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself, to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonour; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions—*when it is too late.*

Having demanded an audience of the king, which, as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments, and unlawful love; professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband,—that husband whom she once professed to love,—quit Turin for ever.

Their conversation was interrupted by a message from the king, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled

on him by the king, the count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and forgetful of her nuptial vows, three years passed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favour, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, at her degraded condition, which excepting the thin veil of splendor, differed in no essential, from the odious and obscene situation of a prostitute, with the additional character of a foul and ungrateful adultress; the countess determined to leave the king.

Taking advantage of his absence, on a journey to Chambery, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances; she departed from Turin, and was half-way to Paris before Amadeus was apprised of her departure.

The queen's jewels, with a letter for the king, were found on her toilette; she apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind to hear that, shew as no longer the occasion of separating him from so good and worthy woman.

Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed the whole sex, in a transport of rage, but impelled rather by necessity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The countess, unhappy, although considerably enriched, and still feeling the impressions of her first love, that love, which however faithless or unworthy the object of it, or we ourselves may prove, we never recollect without regret; the countess, in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wishing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband.

This purpose she wished to accomplish without subjecting herself to the mortification of a notorious refusal; an opportunity soon offered of putting her scheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand masquerade, being announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few

louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out, that the Count de Verue was to be present, and the dress he was to wear.

While the unfaithful wife was making these enquiries, she could not help detaining the servant, an old and faithful domestic of the family, to ask him a few questions concerning his master; the life he led, and the company he kept.

The feelings of the countess may be guessed at, when the valet informed her, that his master neither enjoyed health nor spirits since he left Turin; that his sister, alarmed at the state of her brother's health, had insisted on his consulting a physician, who described the disease as an affection of the mind, entirely out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and dissipation.

On this principle, the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promise his sister that he would accompany her to the masquerade. The valet added, that the count saw little company, but spent the greatest part of his time in his own room; that his chief attention seemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. "A picture," replied the countess, with augmented emotion,—“a picture, and of whom?” “Of yourself, ma'am,” said the valet, in an emphatic expressive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment.—The adúlteress, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilst she had been passing her unhallowed hours in chambering and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her earliest love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection, her deserted husband had been solitary, disconsolate, comfortless, and unhappy; still doating on the unfaithful blaster of all his joys.

Such reflections stimulated the countess to pursue her purpose with augmented eagerness; she prepared for the masquerade, and resolved to appear in the assumed character of Diana.

The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the festive spot, she was literally what she appeared to be, the goddess of the night. Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, attracting general attention.

It was some time before the count appeared; when at last he entered the room, supported by his sister, his debilitated appearance, and slow pace, soon caught her eye, —HE WAS THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY.

Having seated himself near where she sat, the countess soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper, which, on such occasions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. From the state of her feelings, she was unable to exhibit external gaiety, while discontent sat heavy on her heart.

Affecting, or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return till a late hour. The count, interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, designing to make a short stay; with apparent reluctance, but inward satisfaction, she accepted his offer; and they were driven to a house, in magnificence, nearly approaching to a palace, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine.

The count, though ill able, insisted on handing the lady from his coach; as she descended, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often looked on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears.

He paused for a moment, distracted by love, which was still ardent, and resentments proportionably keen; the latter predominated, and, in the anguish of a husband, irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without uttering a word.

The miserable countess, sinking under the horrors of her situation, was conveyed by the attendants to her apartment; and de Verue, notwithstanding the state of his health, soon after joined a regiment on actual service, and met with that death, he had long and ardently desired.

This is *another* of the numerous instances daily occurring, in which a little prudence, and a little common sense, would have prevented irretrievable calamity.

The Count de Verue had too high an opinion of his wife's chastity, and thought she would, like gold, be more pure for passing through the fire;—poor human nature is not made of materials for such trials;—LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, is a safe axiom, laid down by one who well knew, because he made us what we are.

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

WE are apt to mistake the characters of the Spaniards ; there is in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation ; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *badinage* of their neighbours ; a kind of grave, dry, sententious humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty, and as the human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion ; they cannot be excited to any great effort, but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal, to protect themselves by distance and desolation ; to leave whole districts uncultivated, and roads impassable ; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by casing themselves in armour to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles to be starved ; **THEY FORGOT THAT NATIONAL STRENGTH CONSISTS IN AN ACTIVE, MOVING, DISPOSABLE FORCE,—AND THAT THE SAFEST STATE OF DEFENCE IS, BEING ALWAYS READY TO ATTACK.**

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do ; they are grown fond of fine cloaths, are become diligent, enterprising, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence ; the buildings erected since the earthquake of 1755, are barbarously gigantic : the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of controul, no man presumed to understand, even his own trade, so well as the prime minister.

SHORT RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

BY LORD CHANCELLOR BACON.

I. To deceive men's expectations generally argues a settled mind, and unexpected constancy ; as in matter of fear, anger, sudden joy, grief, and all things that may affect or alter the mind, on public or sudden accidents.

II. It is necessary to use a stedfast countenance, not wavering with action, as in moving the head or hand too much ; which shews a fantastical, light, and fickle operation of the mind : it is sufficient, with leisure, to use a modest action of either.

III. In all kinds of speech, it is proper to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly, than hastily ; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and often drives a man to a non-plus, or an unseemly stammering : whereas slow speech confirms the memory, and begets an opinion of wisdom in the hearers.

IV. To desire in discourse to hold all arguments is ridiculous, and a want of true judgment ; for no man can be exquisite in all things.

V. To have common places of discourse, and to want variety, is odious to the hearers, and shews a shallowness of thought : it is therefore good to vary, and suit speeches to the present occasion : as also to hold a moderation in all discourse, especially of religion, the state, great persons, important business, poverty, or any thing deserving pity.

VI. A long continued discourse, without a good speech of interlocution, shews slowness : and a good reply, without a good set off speech, shews shallowness and weakness.

VII. To use many circumstances, before you come to the matter, is wearisome ; and to use none at all, is blunt.

VIII. Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments, and understanding what is proposed to him ; it is therefore good to press forwards, with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.

INSTANCE OF AN HONEST JEW.

THIS was on an occasion, in which so many Christians as well as Hebrews, deviate from truth without scruple : I refer to certain abominable scenes of perjury and fraud

displayed in the business of justifying bail, as it is called, at the beginning of every term.

“Are you worth eighteen hundred pounds after all your debts are paid,” was the question proposed. “Eighteen hundred pounds,” replied the Jew, “is a great deal of money, and to speak the truth, I am not worth half so much, nor will I undertake to justify for it; but as the attorney has given me a twenty pound bank note, what am I to do with it?”

The venerable chief justice Lord Mansfield, pleased and surprized at the circumstance, said, “YOU ARE AN HONEST JEW, I advise you to keep the money.”

The old man folding up the bank note deliberately, placed it in his pocket book and retired.

This Israelite would have been considered by most persons, as more strictly honest, had he refused to take the money at all; unless he acted on the principle of *spoiling the Egyptians*, and punishing the rascal who had corrupted him.

The little regard which Jews have been *supposed* to pay to oaths, hath been attributed by some to the following passage in the Talmud: “He who wishes that any vow, promise or oath he may make, should be invalid, and of no effect, let him rise early on the last day of the year, and pronounce the following words, turning his face towards Jerusalem: ‘*Whatever vows, promises, or oaths I enter into, during the ensuing year, may they be of no effect.*’”

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

MILTON has very judiciously represented the father of mankind as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, represented to him on the mount of Vision. For surely nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as a disruption of his union with visible nature, a separation from every thing that has hitherto engaged or delighted him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a state, not simply unknown, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know, and immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence and unalterable allotment.

Yet we, whom the shortness of life has made acquainted with mortality, can, without emotion, see generations of men pass away, are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, to adjust the ceremonial of death, look upon funeral pomp as a ceremonial in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is indeed apparent from the constitution of the world, that there must be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour, however it may become the solitude of a monastery, is inconsistent with many duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by the sight of an event, which will soon, we know not how soon, happen likewise to ourselves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, may secure the consequence.

Yet, though every instance of death may justly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, it seldom happens that we are much alarmed, unless some close connection is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. There are therefore many, who seem to live without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others as unworthy of their notice, without any expectation of receiving, or intention of bestowing good.

It is indeed impossible, without some mortification of that desire, which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, to behold how little concern is caused by the eternal [departure even of those who have passed their lives with public honours, and been distinguished by superior qualities, or extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded by tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives reputation and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly in every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom either their tempers, or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, or tender intercourses, die often without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation

of the day, and impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or were united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus we find it often happens, that those who in their lives have excited applause, and attracted admiration, are laid at last in the dust without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies, with which many have been delighted, none have been obliged; and though they had many to celebrate them, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age; and he who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look, in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which he himself is ready to fall; not because he is more willing to die than formerly, but because he is more familiar with the death of others, and therefore not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may be justly considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it is a proof that we must some time enter, and a summons more hard and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time making preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep on an attack.

It has always seemed to me, one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, where he stigmatises those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. "How, says he, can death be sudden to a being, who always knew that he must die, and that the time of death was uncertain?"

Since there are not wanting admonitions of our mortality to preserve it active in our minds, nothing can more properly renew the impression than the examples which every day supplies, and as the great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must die, it may be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.

DISQUISITION ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

COULD mankind lead their lives in that solitude which is so favourable to many of our most virtuous affections, I should be clearly on the side of a private education. But most of us, when we go into the world, find difficulties in our way, which good principles and innocence alone will not qualify us to encounter; we must have some address and knowledge of the world different from what is to be learned in books, or we shall soon be puzzled, disheartened, or disgusted. The foundation of this knowledge is laid in the intercourse of schoolboys, or at least of young men of the same age. When a boy is always under the direction of a parent or tutor, he acquires such a habit of looking up to them for advice, that he never learns to think or act for himself; his memory is exercised, indeed, in retaining their advice, but his invention is suffered to languish, till at last it becomes totally inactive. He knows, perhaps, a great deal of history or science; but he knows not how to conduct himself on those ever-changing emergencies, which are too minute and too numerous to be comprehended in any system of advice. He is astonished at the most common appearances, and discouraged with the most trifling (because unexpected) obstacles; and he is often at his wit's end, where a boy of much less knowledge, but more experience, would instantly devise a thousand expedients.

Another inconvenience attending private education, is the suppressing of the principle of emulation, without which it rarely happens that a boy prosecutes his studies with alacrity or success. I have heard private tutors complain that they were obliged to have recourse to flattery or bribery to engage the attention of their pupil; and I need not observe, how improper it is to set examples of such practices before children. True emulation, especially in young and ingenious minds, is a noble principle; I have known the happiest effects produced by it; I never knew it to be productive of any vice. In all public schools it is, or ought to be, carefully cherished.—I shall only observe further, that when boys pursue their studies at home, they are apt to contract either a habit of idleness, or too close an attachment to reading: the former breeds innumerable diseases, both in body and soul: the latter, by filling young and tender

minds with more knowledge than they can either retain or arrange properly, is apt to make them superficial and inattentive, or what is worse, to strain, and consequently impair, the faculties, by overstretching them. I have known several instances of both.

The great inconvenience of public education arises from its being dangerous to morals. And indeed every condition and period of human life is liable to temptation. Nor will I deny, that our innocence, during the first part of life, is much more secure at home, than any where else; yet even at home, when we reach a certain age, it is not perfectly secure. Let young men be kept at the greatest distance from bad company, it will not be easy to keep them from bad books, to which, in these days, all persons may have easy access at all times. Let us, however, suppose the best; that both bad books and bad company keep away, and that the young man never leaves his parents' or tutor's side, till his mind be well furnished with good principles, and himself arrived at the age of reflection and caution; yet temptations must come at last; and when they come, will they have the less strength, because they are new, unexpected, and surprising? I fear not. The more the young man is surprised, the more apt will he be to lose his presence of mind, and consequently the less capable of self-government. Besides, if his passions are strong, he will be disposed to form comparisons between his past state of restraint, and his present of liberty, very much to the disadvantage of the former. His new associates will laugh at him for his reserve and preciseness; and his unacquaintance with their manners, and with the world, as it will render him more obnoxious to their ridicule, will also disqualify him the more, both for supporting it with dignity, and also for defending himself against it."— A young man, kept by himself at home, is never well known, even by his parents; because he is never placed in those circumstances which alone are able effectually to rouse and interest his passions, and consequently to make his character appear. His parents, therefore, or tutors, never know his weak side, nor what particular advices or cautions he stands most in need of; whereas, if he had attended a public school, and mingled in the amusements and pursuits of his equals, his virtues and his vices would have been disclosing themselves every day; and his teachers would have known what particular

precepts and examples it was most expedient to inculcate upon him. Compare those who have had a public education with those who have been educated at home; and it will be found, in fact, that the latter are, either in virtue or in talents, superior to the former.

SPAIN.

THE following sketch of the characters of the inhabitants of the principal provinces of Spain will be found interesting at the present juncture:—

Each province of Spain has its peculiar character, and there seems to exist between them a moral as well as a physical division. The provinces, which were formerly almost as many kingdoms, appear to have preserved the spirit of hatred to a greater or lesser degree, in proportion to the distance they are from each other.

The Austurians, amongst whom the patriotic flame first broke forth, have not the character of particular intelligence. Most of the servants in Spain are from that province, and are faithful and exact in the preformance of their duty.

The Biscayans are brave, animated, and industrious, and are considered the best soldiers and the best mariners in the kingdom; their language is peculiar to themselves, as are many of the privileges they enjoy.

The Catalans are the most industrious, active, and laborious, amongst the Spaniards; they consider themselves as a distinct people,—are always ready to revolt, and have more than once formed the project of erecting their country, into a republic. For some centuries past, Catalonia has been the nursery of the arts and the trades of Spain. The Catalan is, however, rude, vulgar, jealous, and self-interested; but he is open and friendly.

The Valencian is subtle, false, and milder in his manners; he is the most idle, and at the same time, the most supple being that exists.

The Andalusian may be compared to the Gascon for extravagant expression, vivacity, and vain boasting; he is a bully, an idler, lively, jovial, and attached to the customs of his country.

The Castilian is haughty, grave in his deportment and conversation: his politeness is cold, but free from affectation;

he is mistrustful, yet decided in his friendship ; he possesses genius, strength of mind, and sound judgment.

The inhabitant of Galicia quits his country, and is employed in the rest of Spain, in sweeping chimnies, cleaning shoes, &c.

Among so vast and incongruous a mass, we fear we are not to expect that unanimity that is necessary to oppose the concentrated power of France. The Spaniards, however, can endure greater privations and hardships than perhaps any other people ; their patience in the wars of Italy, Portugal, and before Gibraltar, was matter of general astonishment ; they were whole days without bread, water, or beds, yet not the least murmur was heard in their camp, neither was there the slightest symptom of disobedience or mutiny.

The nationality of the Spaniards may counterpoise their provincial antipathies, for they all concur in the sentiment, that their country is the first in the world ; they have a proverb which says, "*Donde esta Madrid calle el mundo.*" Where Madrid is, let the world be silent ; and another, "*Solo Madrid es corte.*" There is no other court than Madrid : while a thousand other laws flatter and perpetuate the national vanity of the people. One of their Bishops, as Feyron tells us, in a sermon on the temptation of Christ, informed his audience, " that the devil took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain, whence all the kingdoms of the earth were discovered ; he shewed him France, England, and Italy, but happily " added the prelate, " for the SON of GOD, Spain was hidden from his sight by the Pyrenees."

MELANGE.

No. XI.

Chacun à son gout.

THE UTILITY OF PHYSICIANS.—A cardinal, in the confidence of Pope Alexander VI. told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the Physicians out of

Rome, for they were entirely useless.—“Not so, (replied the pope) they are quite the reverse; for without them the world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another.”

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND
AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fair of Mullingar and Ballinasloe are next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. [Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, Sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. But! Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Have you any plaice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Marmion ; a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 332.]

WE shall now proceed to examine its merits as a poem. We have before observed it is marked by the same excellencies, and the same defects as the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," and the criticism which was passed upon the versification of his former work is also applicable to this ; but where there are so many beauties, and the pleasure they create is lessened by such trivial defects, the critic should in gratitude pass them by, and exclaim with Horace :

" Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

The language is, with a few exceptions, spirited and beautifully poetical ; and what is perhaps a greater merit, in a poem approaching so near to the dramatic, it is always characteristically appropriate ; but the delight which we have received from several passages of the introductory epistles, has induced us to wish that Mr. Scott would for awhile neglect the deeds of chivalry, and devote his lyre to the expression of social feeling.

From amongst the beauties which impart the irresistible charm this volume possesses, we have, in addition to those contained in our analysis, selected the following :

" November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy lian,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :

Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green;
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath past the heather-bell,
That bloom'd so rich on Need-path-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sun-beam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill.
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast."

Page 54.

"To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise;
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?—
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly, may he shine
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!"

"Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.

For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd, when wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below :
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error, him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
 And sacred be the last, long rest ! ”

“ With more than mortal powers endow'd
 How high they soared above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
 Like fabled gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Looked up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of PITT and FOX alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky,
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these ;
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where,—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 ‘ Here let their discord with them die ;
 ‘ Speak not for those a separate doom,
 ‘ Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 ‘ But search the land of living men,
 ‘ Where wilt thou find their like agen ? ”

Pages 7, 10, and 13.

The description of the Palmer is original and natural :

“ When as the Palmer came in hall
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or looked more high and keen ;
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,
 As he his peer had been.

But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye looked haggard wild.
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair ;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all."

Page 51.

The apostrophe to woman, which follows Marmion's exclamation, when "left to die," near the field of battle, is also uncommonly beautiful.

" They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clara drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured,—' Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water, from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst ! '—
 O, woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man."

Page 362.

With these extracts we shall close our remarks upon a poem, which, however highly we may have estimated its merits, renders our praise truth, and its application justice.

Struggles through Life. 2 vols. By John Harriott.

[Continued from p. 336. Vol. III.]

WE were compelled for want of room, to break off in the middle of an extract from these amusing and instructive volumes.—Mr. Harriott is describing some experiments he made on an artful impostor, one of the lowest casts of the Gentoos, who wished to have it understood that his horror at having been touched by a Parriar had been so great as to kill him.

“ I laid hold of his hand, and was some time before I could feel a pulse, which completely satisfied me ; but I kept my own counsel. Again the people pressed forward tumultuously, with an apparent design to carry the body away by force ; but, ordering the Sepoys to advance with fixed bayonets, I made them retire to a distance, suffering only the head men to remain, In vain did I endeavour to persuade them that the man counterfeited, until, finding nothing else would do, I assured them I possessed powers they had no conception of, and, without touching the body again, I would convince them of the man being still alive, by drawing a flame from his body, which they should see, and which would continue burning and consuming him unless he arose from the earth. My brother officers listened with nearly as much attention as the natives.

“ I sent my Dubash, Punnapa, to enjoin silence to the multitude, as a miracle was going to be performed by a European Bramin, which he assured them I was, (knowing I officiated as a chaplain.)

“ Ordering my travelling escrutoir to be brought, I placed it near the man's head, and took from it a wax taper, a small match, and a little bottle ; articles I carried for the convenience of getting a light when wanted : I also took out a bit of sealing-wax, wrapped within a piece of white paper. I then directed all to be silent while the ceremony was performing, under pain of their being struck with death. Having had this explained by Punnapa to the chiefs, and by them again to the people, I was well satisfied the dead man heard and understood the whole, by slight involuntary twitchings I saw in his muscles.

“ When all was quiet, I began by walking slowly round the extended body four times, laying one of the four articles each time at his feet ; uttering with a solemn

loud voice, the following five latin words that happened to occur, "*Omne bene, non sine pœnâ.*" I believe that the fall of a pin might have been heard while I was performing this mummary.

"Having managed with tolerable seriousness, I took up all the articles, stood across the man, and, raising both my arms as high as I could reach, called aloud, "*Si—lence !*" Then, bending over the body, I held a match in my right hand, the wax taper in my left; and, drawing the cork from the bottle of phosphorus, just above his navel, at the moment I applied the match to light it, as it were from his body, I began to sing, "God save great George, our king." But, the instant the flame was seen, there was such a yell of "Ah, paw, swaamee, ah, yaw, swaamee," as completely drowned all my fine singing. Lighting my taper, I proceeded with my work, by melting the sealing-wax and dropping it hot, close above his navel; but the fellow had not patience to stay for more than two or three good drops of my miraculous wax, before he jumped up and ran away, bellowing and clawing his belly, without stopping to thank me for his cure or answering the calls of others, until he got within the village.

"That the fellow had heard and understood what passed, with my declaration that I possessed a power to draw forth a flame from his body, was evident; and I depended on the sudden attack of the burning wax, on so tender a part, heightened by his own imagination, to overthrow all the obstinacy of trick, and produce some such effect as would satisfy he was not dead. What his particular aim was, it might be difficult to make out."

Mr. Harriott at thirteen was placed on board a ship of war as a midshipman; after a long and fatiguing voyage, he was wrecked on his return in sight of his native land, and narrowly escaped destruction. He was at the siege of Havannah, and at the recapture of Newfoundland from the French, was then employed in the Mercantile service, and encountered various difficulties in the Baltic, West Indies and America, residing for a length of time with the North American savages. He next entered into the East India company's service, and passed some time at Madras. On his return to England he married, and lost his wife and child before the expiration of a twelve-month. He married again, turned farmer, and purchased a small Island, which was swallowed up by the

ocean, just as he had with infinite anxiety and toil brought it into a state of lucrative cultivation. His house was burnt down a short time previous to this calamity. His second wife died; but not feeling inclined to *struggle through life* without a helpmate, he took unto himself a third, and with her again embarked for America, where he experienced various vicissitudes which he endured with surprizing fortitude of mind, and combatted with the most determined spirit. He now enjoys his honourable and profitable post of resident magistrate at the Thames police office, and is likely to pass the remainder of his busy and extraordinary life in ease, tranquillity, and comfort. *Post tot naufragia portum.*

An Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major Andre, Adjutant-General of His Majesty's Forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. Counsellor at Law, late Member of the Convention of the State of New York. To which is added, a Monody on the Death of Major Andre. By Miss Seward. 8vo. 8s. Mathews and Leigh. 1808.

The author of this narrative was supposed by the Americans to have been an agent of General Arnold, and upon the apprehension of Major Andre, and the escape of Arnold, was arrested and tried on a charge of treason. Circumstances, no doubt, were strongly against him; but, if we credit this relation, and we can see no reason for disputing the author's veracity, he was very innocently engaged in the communications between Andre and the American General. Of this trial, and his defence, Mr. Smith gives a full and particular account; as well as of his escape from America, which was attended with many very interesting circumstances. As soon as it was discovered he had broke prison, the most diligent search was made to discover him. "Parties, says the author, were sent in different directions from the four roads that led from the jail; but on their return without success, it was concluded, I must be secreted in the town, among the King's friends, who were by far the most numerous and respectable of the inhabitants. On the evening of the third day, before my good protectoress had any hint of the measure, a young lady came hastily to her, and informed her, that a few hours ago her father's house had been searched, and she heard the party say, they should next take the road where my good friend lived; she in-

stantly came to me with the intelligence, and advised my leaving the place where I was for another more secure, which was a hollow between two stacks of chimnies; this I did not approve of, as the place had a suspicious appearance, and seemed to me calculated for a hiding-place.—I therefore observed, that as it was near the evening, I would go out to the woods, and return when dark; I had scarcely mentioned my resolution, when the young lady called to her, and said the guards were very near the house,—when instantly snatching up one of the blankets, I stept lightly down the stairs, she following with the other blanket; we heard the tramp of a number of steps in the piazza;—I immediately made to the back-door, and crept under a small hen-coop; she hastily threw her blanket over it,—and, turning round, met the party coming in at the front-door. My protectress being a suspected person, from the reasons I have already mentioned, her house was searched with great care; and the young lady afterwards informed me, that in the very hole where she wished me to secret myself, they thrust their bayonets and pikes; so that had I been there, I must, inevitably, have been put to death! The house being thoroughly searched, they proceeded to the barn, stables, and even the pig-sty; and passing the hen-coop, under which I was concealed, they were about to take off the blanket, when my protectress exclaimed,—“For God’s sake do not hurt my poor chickens;”—on which they went into the house, and I could hear them distinctly charge her with the knowing where I was; alarmed, lest her fears might overcome her fortitude, I immediately crept out, and made the best of my way to an adjoining wood, under the cover of darkness, which had commenced.

Having reached the wood, I was involved in doubt what course to take; to go back did not seem prudent, as on my return, some soldiers might be left as a guard; it now began to rain, and fortunately a large hollow tree afforded me a shelter from its rage. A variety of conflicting passions agitated my mind; for that very night a person was to come and bring me clothing, and take me part of my way to New York, upwards of eighty miles. To omit profiting by this chance, I knew, would be imprudent; and the person I expected had promised to assist me, and possessed my most unlimited confidence. At length it occurred to me that the lady, from whose house I had just escaped, had a relation about five miles distant: I knew

him to be a kind, friendly man, to whom I could commit myself with safety. Thither, therefore, I determined to proceed; and when in the main road, I thought I could easily reach his house. I travelled all night; it rained during the whole time; and my feet being tender, from the distressing and unusual state in which I was placed, I made but little progress, especially along a slaty and rocky country. When I had walked a considerable distance I halted, intending to wait for the dawn of day; thus advancing slowly, I seated myself on a rock, faint, fatigued, and lacerated with briars, and passed my time in lamenting the hard fate which my civility to a stranger had intailed upon me.

“On the approach of day I saw something like a house, and the appearance of light; I advanced towards it:—the reader will here again form some faint idea of my sensations, when I found the spot was near the gibbet, and the house I had discerned the jail, from whence I had escaped in the dark. I had lost my road, and in my bewildered state of mind, had the whole night been wandering back again, over the same ground!! Afflicted, dismayed, and almost exhausted, I had no other alternative than to return to the place from whence I had last escaped—and now gave up all for lost! It was, however, fortunate that I had not far to go, the day-light rapidly advanced; and I omitted no time in regaining the good woman’s house, having the main road before me; and being equally fortunate in not meeting a single traveller, or my forlorn appearance must have attracted notice, and perhaps have led to a discovery.

“I observed, on my approach, that there was light in the house, and once more assuming courage, fortified by hope, I ventured to tap gently at a window from whence the light appeared, and, in a minute, the door was opened for my reception. My female friend informed me, that the party, who had been there the preceding day, were not satisfied with their first search, but insisted on making another by candle-light, which they did, and even commanded her to open every closet, chest, and trunk, declaring their authority to confine her, unless she declared where I was,—and that one of them even went again to the chicken-coop, under which I had been concealed, and thrust his bayonet into various parts of it. She said it was well I overheard the conversation, and resolved to withdraw; and she consoled me by saying, I

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now had nothing to fear, as they had gone away perfectly satisfied, I mentioned my attempt to reach the residence of her relation for shelter, and I had the pleasure to learn that there I should have been safe; but it was providential that I missed my way, for a large party of Continental troops were encamped not far from his house, and I must have passed them before I could arrive at it.

“Combining all these circumstances, which appeared so providential, I was led, independent of the fatigue I had just passed through, to take some rest in my former birth, with renewed ground to encourage hope,

“My friend had promised to be with me the following night, but when that came I was sorely disappointed. Through a chink in the place of my retreat, I could see the members of the court, judge, jury, and all, pass and repass; and, indeed, I was every moment in dread of being discovered, and brought back to my old quarters. In this situation I continued, however, five days, under the most painful apprehensions.

“However opinions may vary as to the justice of Washington, in executing Major André as a spy, the public will peruse with strong interest, *a Narrative of the causes which led to his Death*, from the pen of the gentleman, who was commissioned to conduct the unfortunate Major from the Vulture to the interview, which he had with General Arnold, at Mr. Smith’s house.—The two officers were alone the greater part of the day. Towards the evening Arnold came to my house, and proposed that I should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture, which had nearly regained her former situation; he saw, however, from the state of sickness under which I then laboured, with a fit of the ague upon me, that I was unable to gratify him; on which he proposed my accompanying him part of his way on his return to New York, by land, as soon as my health would permit, on the removal of the ague fit; to which I made no objection, as, when better, it would be in my way to visit and bring my family home from Fish Kill, being obliged to cross the river for that purpose. He soon after returned, and told me a difficulty had occurred, of which he was not before apprised; for that Anderson had come on shore in a military dress, which he had borrowed, from pride or vanity, from an Officer of his acquaintance at New York: that as it would be impossible

for him to travel in that uniform, he requested the loan of one of my coats. Being nearly of my size, I lent him a coat: the other part of his dress, he said, did not require change. General Arnold then proposed returning to his command at West Point, leaving Mr. Anderson very disconsolate with me. I endeavoured to amuse him by shewing him the prospect from the upper part of my house, from whence there was an extensive view over the capacious bay of Haverstraw, to the opposite shore; he cast an anxious look towards the Vulture, and with a heavy sigh wished he was on board. I endeavoured to console him by the hope of his being at the White Plains, or New York, before her. Finding himself better, I promised to accompany him on his way. I could not help remarking to him, that I thought the General might have ordered a flag of truce from Stony Point, to have returned him to the Vulture, without the fatigue of his going to the White Plains, that appearing a circuitous route, unless he had business to transact at that place. From this time he seemed shy, and desirous to avoid much conversation; he continued to urge preparations for his departure, and carefully avoided being seen by persons that came to the house.

“Previous to his quitting it, General Arnold had prepared a passport for him to go to the White Plains, and a flag of truce for me to go thither and return. Finding myself better, and refreshed with the rest I had taken, I ordered my servant to get the horses in readiness, and we reached the ferry at Stony Point before it was dark, intending, if the weather should be fine, to proceed as far as Major De la Van’s that night, at a place called Crum Pond, the distance of about eight or ten miles from the ferry, where I knew we should be well entertained, and take the dawn of the morning to proceed with more satisfaction. Between my house and the fort at Stony Point, our conversation was principally about the taking and re-taking of that place; I found my fellow-traveller very backward in giving any opinion, or saying much about it. We were met on the road by several officers belonging to this post, with whom we conversed very freely, and stopped at the sutler’s at the ferry to drink with them. When we arrived on the opposite side, we rode up to the tent of Colonel Livingston, the commanding officer at Verplanks Point; I being well acquainted with him, he having served his

clerkship and studied the law with my brother, the late Chief Justice of Canada, and being also a relation of Mrs. Smith; he pressed us to stay to supper with him, but this Mr. Anderson seemed desirous to decline. As we proceeded, I thought he grew more cheerful, and as our road became better, we rode on with an increased speed, and had reached about five or six miles when we were challenged by a patrol party. On advancing, the commanding officer, a Captain Bull, demanded a countersign before we should pass, and drew his corps about us; he enquired who we were, the reason of our travelling in the night, and from whence we came? I told him who I was, and that we had passports from General Arnold, the commanding officer at West Point, which we had received from the general that day; that we were on the public service, on business of the highest import, and that he would be answerable for our detention one moment; he insisted on seeing the passports, and conducted us to a house in the vicinity where there was a light: on approaching the house Mr. Anderson* seemed very uneasy; but I cheered him up by saying our papers would carry us to any part of the country to which they were directed, and that no person dare presume to detain us. When we came to the light I presented the passports, which satisfied the captain; but he seemed better pleased when I told him I intended to quarter that night at Major De la Van's, who, he said, was a staunch friend to the cause of his country, would treat us well, and render every aid in his power that tended to promote the welfare of America; he soon began to be more pleased, and in the most impressive manner intreated us not to proceed one inch further in the night, as it was very dangerous, for the Cow Boys had been out the preceding night, and had done much mischief, by carrying off cattle, and some of the inhabitants as prisoners. Alarmed at this intelligence, I was hesitating what to do, when my companion expressed his wish to proceed; but the captain suggested many prudential reasons why he would not advise our progress at night. He particularly remarked that we had little chance of defending ourselves against both parties then out, as he had heard them firing some little time before he met us. All this determined me to take the captain's advice, which seemed to direct the surest step for our safety. I accord-

* The name assumed by Major Andre.

ingly returned a short distance, to look for night-quarters, and my companion reluctantly followed.

“ With no small difficulty we therefore returned several miles, and gained admittance into a house for the night; while such was the caution and danger of admitting nocturnal inmates, that we were obliged to take to bed, or keep the family up, who would not retire until they saw us safely lodged. We slept in the same bed; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions, and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance when summoned to mount his horse.

“ We rode very cheerfully towards Pine’s Bridge without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension; here I proposed to leave my companion; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable; in short, I now found him highly entertaining; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government, (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces.) He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres: music, painting, and poetry, seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the powery colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on the part of the Americans, with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field contest, between as many British in number as those under the command of Count Rochambeau at Rhode Island, whose effective force he

seemed clearly to understand ; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the Highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw Bay. The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that we at length found ourselves at the Bridge, before I thought we had got half the way ; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him.—This bridge crosses Croton river, a branch of the Hudson.

I pointed out to him the road to the White Plains, whither his passport enabled him to go, or lower if he thought proper, he being on public business, as was mentioned in his pass ; but he thought the road by the way of Dobbs' ferry, having the river as his guide, would be much the nearest route, having a good horse, he boldly ventured to take that road : had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New York militia, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Vert, who with others, were on a scouting party, between the outposts of the two armies.—These men stopped Major Andre at a place near Tarry and seized his horse by the bridle in a narrow part of the road. Andre, instead of immediately producing his pass, asked where they belonged to ? They answered, "*to below.*"—Not suspecting deception, he replied, "*So do I,*" AND DECLARING HIMSELF A BRITISH OFFICER, THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE DETAINED, being on pressing business ! The law of the state gave to the captors of any British subject, all his property, and, of course, his horse, saddle, and bridle, were in the first instance a temptation to stop him on the least ground for suspicion, while he being alone, they were the more bold against an *unarmed* man. Finding himself thus taken by surprise, and detained, he offered a very valuable gold watch, this led to farther suspicion ; upon which they took him aside in the bushes and searched him, until they found his papers lodged in his boots ; another circumstance of suspicion was the coat I had lent him, which was crimson, with vellum button holes, bound with Prussian binding : the captors then conducted him to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, a continental officer,

who had the command of about nine hundred men, mostly militia. When Major Andre was brought before him, he passed under the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jameson granted. The papers which were so found in the major's pocket-book, were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of a state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war, by the commander in chief, on the 6th of the month. These papers were enclosed in a packet to General Washington, accompanied with a letter from Major Andre, avowing himself to be the adjutant-general of the British army, and was forwarded by Jameson."

These extracts will be sufficient to shew that the reader is not to expect to find in this volume a mere dry detail of military and political event, but a relation of interesting facts drawn up with much simplicity, and bearing every appearance of truth. The following is his account of Major Andre's death :

At length the awful period arrived ; and on the morning of the 2d of October, this unhappy victim of the errors of others, was led out to the place of execution. As he passed along, the American army were astonished at the dignity of his deportment. and the manly firmness, and complacency of countenance, which spoke the serene composure of his mind ; a glow of sympathy pervaded the breast of the soldiers, and tears of sensibility were visible in every eye. He bowed himself, with a smile, to all he knew in his confinement. When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped, and paused, as if absorbed in reflection ; then quickly turning to the officer next him, he said—" What! must I die in this manner?" Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, " I am reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode ;—it will be but a momentary pang ; and with a calmness that,

while it excited the admiration, melted the heart of every spectator, performed the last offices to himself. He then requested that all around him would bear witness to the world,—**THAT HE DIED LIKE A BRAVE MAN !**" He perished universally esteemed and lamented; indeed, a general sorrow at his fate pervaded all ranks of people through the continent of America.

The volume is embellished with a portrait of Major Andre from a drawing by himself; an engraving of his monument in Westminster Abbey; and a map of North America. Miss Seward's affecting monody with the major's letters to her when he was a youth of eighteen, form a proper sequel to the volume, which in addition to the facts it discloses respecting Major Andre, contains much curious information respecting the American war, and several original anecdotes of the leading characters engaged in that arduous contest.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauty of the Heavens displayed: in which several striking appearances to be observed on various Evenings in the Heavens, during the years 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1808, are described, &c. by W. Friend, M. A. 12mo. Four volumes, 12s. Mawman.

These lessons in astronomy are well calculated for young students; and to general readers, the information and amusement they contain must be very acceptable. Where the use of the globes cannot readily be obtained, Mr. Friend's volumes will be found particularly useful.

Legendary Tales. By Eaglesfield Smith. 4s. large 8vo. Longman. 1807.

It is a common fault with writers of *Legendary Tales*, to mistake feebleness for simplicity, and Mr. Smith is answerable for this error in no trifling degree. If poetry, that is nothing more than bad prose, trite sentiments, flat and lengthened descriptions, and bastard rhymes, will satisfy the reader, he may here indulge himself even to satiety.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—Shakspeare.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND HUMANITY.

No. IV.

REMARKS ON THE DRAMA.

“ Pour l'instruire, il faut lui donner non seulement des idées pures qui l'éclairent, mais encore des images sensibles qui le frappent et qui l'arrêtent dans un vue fine de la vérité.”

Discours de la Poésie Epique.

THAT the stage may be rendered subservient to the amendment of public morals, is admitted on all hands. It must, consequently, be an object of considerable moment, to inquire upon what principles of construction, dramatic compositions may be most effectually adapted to this important purpose, without impairing their ability to furnish an interesting species of amusement.

It is a common opinion that the moral end of the drama, can be attained by no other means than a strict adherence to the laws of poetical justice. This I apprehend is a mistaken notion.—That a mock distribution of happiness and misery to the characters of a dramatic piece, in proportion to their vices or virtues, should have any material influence on the conduct or sentiments of the persons that witness it, is, in my judgment, an absurd supposition. It is at least evident that such a regard to justice could have no effect on our morals, unless we draw from it some conclusion, as to the usual consequences of vice and virtue. But would not the certainty of its being fictitious, prevent such a conclusion? Supposing, however, that any one should be weak enough to infer from what he had observed on the stage, that virtue must always be attended with success, and vice with defeats and misfortunes, a few hours experience would entirely efface the impression, since every day presents us with instances of virtue languishing in want and wretchedness, of vice triumphant in impunity.

These considerations being, as I think, sufficient to prove that the moral tendency of the drama does not

consist in a rigid observance of poetical justice, I proceed to inquire upon what principles this tendency does really depend.

When virtue and vice are exhibited together in their native colours, the one must invariably command admiration and love, the other as constantly, contempt and abhorrence. But as the appearance of the human figure, whether it will be graceful or awkward, pleasing or ridiculous, must depend upon the attitude into which it is thrown; in like manner, the impressions we receive from the contemplation of virtue, may vary according to the dress and the light in which they are represented. From these considerations, we may infer that the art of moralizing the drama, consists, in a great measure, in a peculiar mode of delineating its characters—in exhibiting virtue in her most alluring aspect—in tearing the delusive mask from the countenance of vice—and in exposing its horrid features in all their naked deformity. But here another question may be started—What description of characters are best suited to the purpose? To characters of an uniform and unmixed kind, either perfectly virtuous or utterly depraved, it has been objected that they are *unnatural*.—To shew the futility of this objection, it need only be observed, that the object of a dramatic piece, is not to present us with a complete account of the lives and moral dispositions of its personages—it is confined to the representation of a *single action*, and the occurrences of a few hours—Is it then unnatural for a man to act with consistency, either as a virtuous or vicious character, during so short a period! But even if the premises of this objection were admissible, yet, we may dispute the legality of the conclusion. The maxim, that nothing is suitable to the stage but what is natural, and its converse, are by no means invariably true. “To hold as it were the mirror up to nature,” is a rule which should certainly be adhered to as closely as propriety will admit; but there are many cases in which a deviation from this rule is not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary. It is unquestionably natural for persons of every description, from the peasant to the prince, occasionally to relax a little in their dignity, and condescend to employ familiar and sometimes coarse language. Yet if this kind of language were introduced into tragic compositions,

it would entirely destroy their proper effect, which is, to elevate the mind by grand and lofty sentiments.—The case of the poet, is exactly similar to that of the painter—they have the same object in view, and employ the same means for its accomplishment.

Their principal aim is, to gratify the mind with imitations of natural objects.—These objects, however, they do not fix upon at random, without discrimination.—Although they are restricted to such objects as are natural, yet, they are at liberty to select and combine in the most pleasing manner, such as are best calculated to answer their purpose, and to reject all others.—But the idea of confining the drama, to the representation of characters that are either perfect or atrocious, is liable to an objection of real weight. The want of variety necessarily incident to this scheme, is sufficient to demonstrate its inexpediency.—Variety is essential to the efficacy of dramatic compositions; deprived of this quality, they cease to amuse; and when they are no longer capable of engaging the attention, it is impossible they should have any effect on the heart.

But though it is evident, that the characters best suited for dramatic representation, must be such as are composed from an union of good and evil qualities; it does not follow that the choice and arrangements of these qualities are matters of indifference, in which we are at liberty to adopt an arbitrary method.—On the contrary, in selecting, proportioning, and blending the different ingredients, there is ample room for the exercise of inventive genius, and discriminating taste. Characters of this mixed nature, by an artful combination of qualities, are easily calculated to serve the most infamous purposes; to engage the affections in favour of licentiousness, and depreciate the excellence of morality. The means by which these detestable ends may be accomplished are easily conceived;—a character, which on the whole our reason would pronounce to be virtuous, if it include in its composition but a single quality of an opposite nature, will frequently be viewed with aversion instead of regard.—Thus a man of a cowardly disposition, however numerous or excellent his other virtues may be, will never be looked upon with admiration. His unfortunate pusillanimity will expose him to general contempt.—On the other hand, the possession of one attractive quality, too frequently shelters the vicious man, from that

odium which he merits. We become so infatuated with fondness for this supposed excellence, as to over-look all his imperfections.—It is thus with the conqueror.—Of such a character we seldom form a true estimate, since we behold him,

“ ————— in a false glaring light,
 “ Which conquest and success have thrown upon him.”

Dazzled and overpowered with the splendor of his military glory, our attention is entirely diverted from his moral depravity.

Let us now consider in what way this general failing in human nature, is taken advantage of by Dramatic writers.—“The Robbers,” of Schiller will furnish us with an apposite example.—De Moor, the hero of this extraordinary piece, evinces in all his actions and sentiments, a disposition, in the highest degree ferocious and haughty.—To an ungovernable pride, is added a contemptible weakness of mind.—Yielding to the influence of fanaticism, and unable or indisposed to restrain the excessive violence of his passions, he submits to their dominion without a struggle; and in consequence of this weakness, is hurried to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. Yet the vices of De Moor are so artfully tempered with a large portion of generosity, an enthusiastic turn of mind, and an air of sublimity, that the character seldom fails to command the most passionate admiration.

It is thus, by exposing virtue to contempt, by varnishing the imperfections and disguising the deformity of vice, that the purposes of morality are defeated, and opposite ends promoted.

The conclusion to which these observations lead, is obvious. In order to calculate *mixed* characters for producing their proper effect, much art and discrimination are requisite; and the degree in which the dramatist possesses these qualifications must depend upon the extent and depth of his acquaintance with the principles of human nature.

Liverpool, May 14, 1801.

E. W.

(To be continued.)

OLD MR. SHERIDAN.

That Mr. Sheridan had the hereditary credit of being the son of Swift's friend, who growing out of a school-

master into a Dean, became at least dignified when he ceased to be serviceable to society:—that, bred at Westminster and Dublin for the church, he chose what he thought a better market for his attainments, and went upon the stage:—that he managed in Dublin, and afterwards was at Drury Lane, and Covent-Garden,—are facts every body have in their possession.

The incident which drove him from Dublin, on a scrupulosity for punctilio, in not repeating a few lines from *Mahomet*, is attributed by most people to that pertinacity which partakes of obstinacy rather than proper firmness.—In a theatre, as in other situations of human intercourse, incessant allowance must be made for popular insanity. Sheridan's example will form no precedent for those who follow him.—What the people like, they may, perhaps without offence, like to have again. Nor will, nor should any casual construction of dramatic despotism, over-rule a popular wish, to mount any passage that can carry double, and thus mark it, as morally improving, poetically potent, or politically true. The decorum of the French theatre is not the less proverbial, because Voltaire's *Zaire* was encored from the first scene to the last.

Sheridan thinking otherwise, certainly did right in abiding by what he thought—but he could abide no longer in Ireland. He came to London, and played both with Rich and Garrick—His highest salary was 400*l.* a year.

To find a city brick, and to leave it marble, was an imperial work, and worthy of imperial praise.—Sheridan's merit is similar, in the proportion that the Dublin theatre bore to all the structures of Rome.

He found the theatre in beggary, because fitted only for the resort of those who are worse than beggars—the dissolute and the ignorant. He reformed it altogether. He gave it discipline. The feats of a Bear-Garden and a Puppet-show gave way at once to proper objects, intellectual and moral.—Garrick, Woffington, and Barry, were with him in his second season, on his stage together. And thus, by fair provocations of the popular pleasure, by conspicuous subservience to popular use, he was enabled to aggrandise the establishment, to the mutual profit of himself and the public.

The receipts of the Dublin theatre, before his time,

were from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* a year. And he further told the writer of this account, that in the second season above-mentioned, his annual charges, on different engagements, exceeded 11,000*l.*—With the public, such as we find it, there is no surer hope than the operation of public spirit.

His conduct in the management, is remembered by something even better than magnificence. They who are in the way of hearing anecdotes of this sort, always mentioned Mr. Sheridan as punctilious to his promise, in the true and liberal performance.

It is for this, and other personal qualities of good account, that his memorial is thought worth preserving.

In the great relative duties of a husband and a father, he had no blame, and much praise. The preference of his family to himself, was always exemplary. It is positively true, that at one period, led merely by a vague idea, that foreign air, and foreign language, might be serviceable to his family, he quitted the stage, and every other view of gain in Great Britain, and went with his wife and four children to France. They lived above eighteen months at Blois.

If labour can be estimated by its effects, he must have had skill in forming the minds of children, as well as the power of making large sacrifices to their support—for how else, *sine re, et sine spe*, could he have made one son Secretary at War, and the other, such a parliamentary leader, as to be a candidate for any office that he pleases, in the land!

To increase this wonder, and to shew how some men can make much out of little, Sheridan stinted none of the exterior claims of a gentleman:—His dress, his habitation, his hospitality, when he exercised it, were all rather above than below expectation, at par. He for many years thought riding was among the necessities of life; and if Swift could be seen “in dirty shoes” at Lord Oxford’s table, it was what Sheridan never was at dinner time.

The resources from which he did all this, for he was too well principled to run in debt, was management, indeed—but something more.—He was very active, patient, undisdaining of small expedients, and persevering in the use of them. Not Johnson, Watts, nor Milton, could be more magnificently just on the condescensions

of literature. When his profession no longer was productive, he was reading, or he wrote. With a bravery of temper that much became him, and with a fair parade, he contrived to aggrandise little things, and make of much moment what in itself was not momentous.—Of the seven and forty years he had to live on his wits, and his wits were not the most thriving in the world, it is well known how short a time he was on the stage.—His pension he had about twenty years—the nominal value of it was but 200*l.* a year—after the deductions of land-tax and the sixpenny duty, but 160*l.* remained!—The rest of his supply came from the miscellaneous aids just mentioned, and surely therefore to be mentioned with incessant praise!

Sheridan was not a little sought after as a companion; though he was far from excellently companionable; though he was at times talkative till he was almost troublesome, and tenacious till he was rude: though he was more remarkable perhaps for hiding ignorance than shewing knowledge. His forte was anecdote; his foible, its undue repetition.

His professional merits, if no more is said about them than they deserved, will lie in a small compass—Such is the magic of fine writing, it can make us think almost as it pleases. Churchill had given Sheridan some current praise, and so people were contented to take him. But that was soon over: for what has neither lustre nor weight, cannot long possibly pass.

As an actor, he might have occasional energy, and more frequently an air of science about him. But through the entire conduct of a drama, that science and that energy were neither characteristic nor consequential. He was not very fertile in original resources, nor happy in applying the resources of other people. He was not to be huddled in the common mob, who may be actors on mechanism and tradition: but as ambitious of first-rate rank, he was to be dismissed as awkward, indiscriminating, cold, and unprevailing.

Sapientia prima est,
Stultitiâ caruisse,

Discretion and decorum in general, he wanted not; though in a particular instance or two, he was absurd beyond all example. It was in *Romeo and Juliet*—his part was *Romeo*: and not having quite so good an opinion of the other actors as himself, he despoiled *Mercutio*

of his gay speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams, and spoke it as *Romeo*, then love-sick and all forlorn, "proverb'd" with a grandsire phrase, and "not able to pitch a bound above *dull woe*."

Sheridan, among other praise-worthy parts of his temper, had formed himself into a perfect indifference to time and chance. Whatever cross casually came, found him contented and open to cheering considerations; though sometimes, Rochefoucault would say, these perhaps he owed to vanity, no less than to resignation. As, when his benefit failed, to such a degree that there was but twenty pounds in the house, he still vaunted his *attractions*, and said, with enviable fatuity,—“In regard to that point, the account was astonishing! there is one universal snow! and on the face of God's earth, he did not think there was another man whose benefit would have brought as many shillings.”

The small irreverence, just mentioned, was the only habitual error in his talk.

As a reader also, Sheridan was elaborate; and much of his labour was in vain. He had no *prismatic* power, to break up the constituent splendors before him—he had no *focus*-like point to draw them together again. He was luminous in no sense—neither to dazzle nor inflame. He had little analysis, or combination; his energy was noisy, his art super-serviceable; he was merely sonorous, varying, though coarsely, in his tones; and by prescription, imposing.

Yet he pointed right; though he could not hit the mark he shewed a proper object, when he shewed to what *uses* reading might be applied. Lord Loughborough and Bishop Woodward were among his pupils. And the two clergymen who are supposed to be the best readers in England, have been heard to say of Sheridan's book on the liturgy, “that erroneous as the book is, they should never have began the study without it!”

Lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburne, got, through Lord Bute, the pension for Sheridan. This was one chief recompence he had for his labours: it was a recompence far better, that he survived to see the *triumphs of his son*!

As a writer, Sheridan had that praise, which is now for him of best account, the *praise of tendency*. That he might *do good*, was his expectation and his wish. To nobody, except his publisher, could his works do any harm.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MAY

28. Haunted Tower. Millers. Weathercock, Sneer, Mr. Penley.

30. [Signora STORACE's last night, and last appearance on the stage.] Cabinet. Sweet echo by Mrs. Ashe. An Italian Cantata, in which Signor NALDI appeared. Love laughs at Locksmiths. Toterton, Mr. Penley; Vigil, Mr. Chapman (from Covent-Garden.)

JUNE

[Benefit of Messrs. RUSSELL and GIBBON.] MYSTERIOUS BRIDE. Characters by Messrs. Putman, Siddons, Raymond, Eyre, Palmer, De Camp, Gibbon, Cooke, Maddocks; Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Harlowe, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Bland. The Prologue by Mr. Putnam; Epilogue by Mr. Russell.—Edgar and Emmeline. Florimond. Mr. Russell.—Mayor of Garrat.

2. West Indian. Louisa Dudley (first time) Miss Lacy.—Blue Devils. Annette, Miss Lacy.—Ella Rosenberg.

3. [Miss Lyon's benefit.] Duenna Clara, Miss Lyon.—Sultan. Ismena, Miss Lyon.

6. [Benefit of Mr. JOHNSTON, machinist.] Mysterious Bride. Caractacus.

7. [Benefit of Messrs. Wewitzer, Eyre, and Cooke.] John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Eyre; (Dan (for that night only) Mr. Dowton; Frank Rochdale, Mr. Putnam; Lady Caroline, Mrs. Eyre.

9. [Benefit of Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Ray and Mr. Fisher.] Deaf and Dumb. Julio, Miss Ray; St. Alme, Mr. Putnam; Franval, Mr. Ray; De L'Epee, Mr. Siddons; Madame Franval, Miss Pope. Lovers Quarrels.—Ella Rosenberg.

9. [Mr. DIGNUM's night.] Soldier's Daughter.—Mrs. Wiggins. Poor Soldier. Patrick, Mrs. Mountain.

10. Country Girl.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Shipwreck.

11. Mountaineers. Octavian, Mr. Raymond; Violet, Mr. Putnam; Bulcazin Muley, Mr. Eyre. Zorayda (first time) Mrs. H. Siddons; Floranthe, Miss Boyce.—Weathercock.

13. [Mr. Kelly's night.] Madame Catalini in the Ghost *Scena*, *Semiramide*. Ways and Means. Irishman in London. Grand Ballet of the Marriage Secret, with Opera Dancers.

14. Mysterious Bride—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Ella Rosenberg.

15. Bold Stroke for a Wife. Mrs. Prim, Mrs. Sparks.—Rosina. William, Miss Kelly.

16. Love in a Village.—Mayor of Garrat.

17. [Last night.] Belle's Stratagem. Doricourt, Mr. Russell. No Song no Supper. Margaritta, Miss Kelly.

18. [Benefit of Mr. Lacy; free grant from the Proprietors.] Trip to Scarborough. Purse. Rosina.

May 30. Madame Storace retired from Drury Lane, and from the stage altogether on this evening, after playing her favourite

character of Floretta with admirable vivacity and humour. Being willing to take leave of her friends in character, and make a "swan-like end," she sung the following Address, written for the occasion by Mr. Colman :

Think, think not this a vain obtrusion,
 And, oh! accept my heart's effusion:
 We meet no more, dear friends, adieu!
 Retirement's calm I owe to you.
 My breast with gratitude is swelling—
 Where'er I raise my rural dwelling—
 I'll cry—"your bounty bade me rear it,"
 And train the peaceful woodbine near it.
 From *Belgrade's Siege* since I'm retiring,
 New *Lillas* will keep up the firing;
Adela cedes to other powers,
 Old Drury's nightly *Haunted Towers*;
Floretta—no one's zeal was stronger,
 Is of this *Cabinet* no longer;
 Henceforth no *Songs*, while *Supper's* bringing,
 Of your first *Margaretta's* singing.
 Much honoured friends, who deign to listen,
 No studied tear I've taught to glisten,
 Oh! no, this moment's fond distress,
 Is more than music can express;
 My voice would not these chimes be ringing,
 But that it falters less in singing.
 Lov'd patrons; on this night we sever,
 Farewell!—and bless you all for ever!

Madame Storace made her first appearance on the English stage in *Adela*, in the *Haunted Tower*, on the first night of that Opera, and was the principal support of all the operas composed by her brother, the late eminent composer. She retires in full possession of her powers, and we are happy to add, in that state of honourable independence, with which great professional talents ought always to be rewarded. As a singer she had vast power, execution and science; as an actress, she had no equal in her line. Her manner was peculiar to herself, possessing ease, archness, *naïveté* and inexhaustible spirit. In all her parts she was unrivalled, and we have no hope of meeting with an adequate successor to her in such characters as *Adela*, *Lilla*, *Margaretta*, *Floretta*, *Caroline*, &c. her loss is much to be regretted.

June 1. The MYSTERIOUS BRIDE, is the production of Mr. Skeffington, and, if it cannot boast of any high degree of poetical merit, the story is not without interest, and the dramatic effect is at times powerful. The scene is laid in Transylvania, in the fourteenth century, and the following is a slight sketch of the fable:

Elisena, (Mrs. H. Siddons) daughter of the Bohemia king, has been sent under the conduct of an officer called Armanski, (Mr. Siddons) to be united in marriage with Almaric, (Mr. Putnam) Prince of Transylvania.

Previous to her departure, the Bohemian Monarch had given a medallion to Armanski, with the name of Elisena marked in diamonds.—Elisena is ignorant of this circumstance, as the present was

intended as an agreeable surprise to the Prince on the day of marriage.

Oswald, (Mr. Raymond) an ambitious favourite of the Prince, had conceived a daring design of imposing his sister Olfrida, (Mrs. Harlowe) on his master for the long expected Princess. Enamoured by the portrait artfully presented by the brother, the Prince hails Olfrida as his long expected bride.

In the mean time, the ruffians of Oswald attack Armanski and his train in the forest of Moldavia, rob him of the medallion, and every other proof—they seize the Princess, and plunge Armanski in a river. When Elisena arrives, two ruffians are about to murder her—touched with pity, they save her life, and disguise her as a peasant. She is hired as a servant at an inn, by Bollman, (Mr. Palmer)—and his waiter Miesco, (Mr. De Camp) a generous rustic. She here meets the Prince, and captivates him, at a fete—yet dare not disclose herself, dreading the vengeance of Oswald and Olfrida. Miesco is shortly enamoured of Elisena, but when she discloses her real situation, he nobly renounces his passion, and devotes himself with zeal to her welfare. As the Prince and Olfrida are about to be united, Armanski, who had been saved by the care of some peasants, arrives at the moment—he accuses Oswald and Olfrida, who retort the charge of imposture. Armanski asks the Prince for the medallion, in which the portrait of Elisena is concealed by a secret spring. He then urges the false Elisena to prove herself the daughter of his master, by shewing the diamond which opens the medallion,—she falters—Elisena points to the letter E, the Prince opens the medallion, and the title of Elisena is confirmed. The piece ends with the defeat of the impostors, and the union of Almaric and Elisena.

COVENT GARDEN.

MAY.

28. [Mr. INCLEDON's Night.] Duenna. Carlos, Mr. Incledon; Antonio, Mr. Bellamy; Ferdinand, Mr. Taylor. Clara, Mrs. Dickons; Louisa, Miss Bolton. Love à la Mode.

30. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

31. Blind Bargain—Review. Loone Mactwolter, Mr. Webb.

JUNE 1. [Mr. FARLEY's Night.] Alexander the Great. Alexander, Mr. C. Kemble; Clytus, Mr. Cooke; Lysimachus, Mr. Brunton; Hephestion, Mr. Claremont; Cassander, Mr. Chapman. Roxana, Miss Smith; Statira, Mrs. H. Johnston; Parisatis, Miss Bristow—Vauxhall Gala—Oscar and Malvina. Malvina, Miss Adams.

2. [Mr. BLANCHARD's Night.] Inkle and Yarico. Inkle, Mr. Bellamy; Trudge, Mr. Blanchard; Sir Christopher Curry, Mr. COOKE. Yarico, Mrs. Dickons—Raymond and Agnes.

3. [Mr. TAYLOR's Night.] Man of the World—Recruiting Sergeant—Deserter of Naples.

4. [Benefit of Messrs. Ashleys'.] The Messiah.

6. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

7. [Mrs. MATTOCKS's last Benefit.] Wonder. Don Felix, Mr. Cooke. Violante, Miss Smith; Isabella, Mrs. H. Johnston; Flora, Mrs. Mattocks—Garrick's Ode on Shakspeare, by Mr. COOKE—Raymond and Agnes.

8. [Miss NORTON's Night.] Richard III.—Apprentice. Dick, by a Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage—Blind Boy.

9. Benefit of the four Misses Adams.] Road to Ruin. Old Dorn-ton, Mr. Chapman. Sophia, Miss Adams. *THE OAK AND THE IVY*; or the *Origin of a British Tar*, a new allegorical Ballet, by Mr. Byrne; in which Master OSCAR BYRNE performed Cupid. Oscar and Malvina.

10. [Benefit of Messrs. CLAREMONT and KING.] Wanderer—Tom Thumb.

11. Speed the Plough—Blind Boy.

13. [Mr. BRANDON's Benefit.] Pizarro—Oak and the Ivy—Who Wins?

14. [Benefit of Mess. GRIMALDI and BOLOGNA, jun.] School of Reform—Day after the Wedding—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

15. [Benefit of Mrs. DIBDIN and Mr. WADDY.] English Fleet—Vauxhall Gala—Lie of the Day.

16. [Miss BOLTON's Benefit.] Abroad and at Home—Day after the Wedding—Tom Thumb.

17. Begone dull Care—Highland Laddie—Who Wins?

18. Road to Ruin. Sophia, Miss Norton—Of Age To-morrow.

20. [Mr. GLASSINGTON's (Prompter) Night.] Hamlet—Who Wins?

21. [Mr. MUNDEN's Night.] Laugh when you Can. Mrs. Mortimer, Miss Logan; Miss Gloomly, Mrs. Davenport; Emily, Miss Norton. [NEVER ACTED.] PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES, or *The Plotting Lovers*; characters by Mess. Munden, Jones, Brunton, Blanchard, Liston, Waddy, Atkins. Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Bristow—Turnpike Gate—Sir Edward, Mr. Bellamy; Robert Maythorn, Mr. Liston. Mary, Miss Bolton.

22. [Benefit of Messrs. Chapman, Field, and Ware, *Leader of the Band*.] Douglas. Glenalvon, Mr. Chapman; Lady Randolph, Miss Smith—Rival Soldiers. Sinclair, Mr. PAYNE, (his 1st appearance.) Harlequin and Mother Goose.

25. Suspicious Husband. Jacintha, Miss Norton; Lucetta, Mrs. Gibbs. Poor Soldier.

24. School of Reform—Highland Laddie—Fortune's Frolick.

25. Road to Ruin—Child of Nature. Duke Murcia, Mr. Ox-berry; Amanthis, Mrs. H. Johnston.

26. [Last Night.] Macbeth—Portrait of Cervantes.

June 7. Mrs. Mattocks retired from the stage on this evening. This is another actress which the public cannot yet well spare. Her talents had suffered no decay, and she leaves behind her no actress that can supply her situation. We hope it may be true, as reported, that the Queen has allowed her a pension of 200*l.* a year.

ISABELLA MATTOCKS was born in the year 1746. Her uncle, Mr. William Hallam, was at that time manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields. Her father performed there, and was esteemed an excellent low comedian. Worldly embarrassments compelled him, when his daughter was only four years old, to quit England, and try his fortune in America. Her aunt Barrington, an actress of merit, with true sisterly affection, prevailed on Mrs. Hallam to leave our heroine under her protection. She did not neglect her charge: her husband and herself became parents to her, in the tenderest sense of the word, and gave her an expensive and a finished education.

At four years and a half old, Miss Hallam performed for her uncle's benefit, at Covent-Garden, the part of the "*Parish Girl*," in Gay's "*What d'ye Call it*." She was so diminutive, that a gentleman whimsically said, "he could hear her very well, but he could not see her without a glass."

At fifteen, our heroine made her regular debüt at the same theatre, in the character of *Juliet*; and from that time till her retirement from the stage, (with the exception of one winter passed in Liverpool, when Mr. Mattocks was manager there,) she invpriably continued at Covent Garden, and has been deservedly, for a long series of years, a distinguished favourite of the town.

Her father, soon after his arrival in America, became manager of the theatres in New York, Charlestown, and Philadelphia, and realized a fortune of *ten thousand pounds*; but his family lost the whole in the American war.

Admiral Hallam is Mrs. Mattocks's uncle, and Colonel George Hallam her cousin. She is also related to the family of Mr. Rich, the late patentee of Covent Garden theatre.

For several seasons Mrs. Mattocks was the *Rosetta*, *Polly*, &c. of the theatre, and sustained a respectable line of business in tragedy; but she has latterly devoted herself entirely to the *Comic Muse*, whose cause she supports with admirable spirit, and with a peculiarity of humour, which, though it may sometimes exceed the precise limitations of critical propriety, is richly comic- and, as far as we can carry our theatrical recollection, perfectly original.

8. The gentleman who played *Dick* is a Mr. King, who was well received, and shewed some promise.

21. The *Portrait of Cervantes* is taken from a French piece. The plot is very ingenious, and the incidents highly laughable. It will be frequently acted next season; unless Mr. C. Kemble's farce announced at the Haymarket, from the same original, shall prove the better of the two, and make the subject stale by frequent repetition.

HAYMARKET.

Opened on Wednesday June the 15th. with the *Castle Spectre*, Evelina, Mrs. St. Leger, her first appearance for 6 years. *Angela*. Mrs. Bellamy, from Belfast. *Sylvester Daggerwood*. *Lying Valet*. 16. *Hamlet*. The Queen, Mrs. St. Leger. Ghost, Mr. Thompson. *Fortune's Frolick*.

17 *Wheel of Fortune*. *Hunter of the Alps*.

18 *Heir at Law*. *Deborah Dowlas*, Mrs. Emery (from Covent Garden.) *Agreeable Surprise*.

20 *Stranger*. *Solomon*, Mr Grove. *Count Wintersen*, Miss Logan, (from Covent Garden.) Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Bellamy. *Mogul Tale*.

21 *Mountaineers*. *Sadi*, Mr. Farley. *Lock and Key*.

22 *John Bull*. *Peregrine* Mr. Putnam; *Lady Caroline*, Mrs. Bellamy.

23 *Hamlet*. The Queen, Mrs. Humphries (from Covent Garden) *Catch him who Can*.

24 *Five Miles Off*. *Ways and Means*. *Tom Thumb*.

25 *Hunter of the Alps*. *Katharine and Petruchio*. *Critick*. *Dang'e*, Mr. Farley.

27 *Castle Spectre*. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*.

The alterations in the Company are numerous, and perhaps in no instance for the better. What the Managers lose however in respectability they gain in pocket: but is there not some danger, that a *cheap company* will be held *cheap* by the public? Parsimony is sometimes worse than extravagance.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Jones comes into the management of Drury-lane next season; and the theatrical establishment is expected to undergo numerous changes. Mr. Young is engaged at Covent-Garden. A new play from Mr. Colman is to be brought out immediately. It is of the mixed kind, like his *Surrender of Calais*, &c. and expectation is naturally very high on the occasion.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, EDINBURGH.—Benefits continued.

14th Night, Canongate Charity, 155*l*.

15, Mr. Rock's (manager), 125*l*.

16, Miss Walton, 96*l*.

17, Mr. Freeman, 145*l*.

18, The family of Mr. Hallion, a deceased tavern-keeper and *ci-devant* actor, 171*l*. 12*s*.

19, Mr. Mansell, 50*l*.

20, Mr. Nichol, and Mr. Davis, 89*l*.

21, Mr. and Mrs. Vining, (last night's performance), 122*l*.

So that in twenty nights, the receipts of the Edinburgh Theatre, amounted to 2667*l*. 10*s*. making the average of each night's receipt one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. In truth in Edinburgh the amount of a performer's benefit is generally the criterion of his estimation. To this general rule there are exceptions! strangers are not always fortunate nor is their success uniformly commensurate with their merits or deserts. Mansell for example, who had the worst benefit, is by no means considered the worst of our performers, on the contrary notwithstanding a voice somewhat monotonous, which I apprehend proceeds from some defect in the ear; his merits in *Comedy*, are highly esteemed, and I am informed his conduct in private life is respectable, decorous, and honourable. I find a mistake in the *Cabinet* (in my last), which peremptorily requires correction, the benefit of two girls is called in the *Cabinet* *charities* benefit. Though that benefit as well as that of Hallion, the Tavern keeper's children, was no doubt the tribute of charity to people deceased; yet notwithstanding the *Widow Willoughby* joined it, the benefit should have been entitled that of the two Charteris's, and Mrs. Willoughby.

PER CONTRA.

The company opened in Glasgow, on the 6th of May.—Previous to the benefits, the *last* house was only forty-nine pounds, the benefits are as follows:—

Wednesday, May 18, — Mrs. Young, 83*l*.

Friday, — 20, — Mr. Freeman, 69*l*.

Saturday, — 21, — Mr. McGregor, (Treasurer), 33*l*.

Monday, — 23, — Mr. Evatt, 50*l.* 6*s.*
 Wednesday, — 25, — Mr. and Mrs. Berry, 56*l.* 17*s.*
 Thursday, — 26, — Mr. Shaw, and Mrs. Penson, 81*l.* 19*s.*
 Friday, — 27, — Mr. Rock's, (last night), 98*l.*

I have already said that in Edinburgh, the amount of a performer's benefit is the criterion of his estimation. The above list of benefits will prove what has been long known to theatrical observers, that Edinburgh and Glasgow possess different theatrical feelings, and do not always accord in the expression of them. I who am neither a native of Edinburgh nor Glasgow, can hear with a certain sensation which shall be nameless, the pretender of each to exclusive fine taste, and their claim of the character of *the most discerning audience in Europe.*

On the last night of the season Mr. Rock, who for several years has acted in the capacity of both manager and performer, with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public, between the play and farce delivered a *farewell address*. The language of which was neat and appropriate,—during its delivery the audience exhibited the most unequivocal proofs of regret at parting with one who had so largely contributed to their amusement as a performer, while they evinced with the loudest approbation, the sense they entertained of Mr. Rock's liberal and judicious deportment as manager. In a few days Mr. Beaumont enters here upon his state of "united management," of which I shall not be an inattentive observer. I intend to "tent him to the quick," but in the mean time he has given us a "touch of his quality," "here will I hold."

Theatre Royal, BATH.—Mr. Cooke, with the permission of the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, has appeared in several of his favourite characters, and been warmly welcomed by the public. *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, *Shylock*, *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, *Richard*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, have afforded the inhabitants of this great city a rich repast. To comment on the excellencies of his performances in the above characters, so well known and allowed, were but waste of words—suffice it, he played them with the greatest effect.—He has been tolerably well supported by the company, particularly in the comedy of *A new Way to pay old Debts*. Cunningham, Lovegrove, and Miss Marriott, as *Wellborn*, *Marall*, and *Lady Allworth*, deserve honourable mention. Miss Jameson, who possesses talent in characters of meekness and simplicity, has lately had assigned to her *Lady Anne*, in *Richard*, and *Roxalana*, in the *Sultan*, to neither of which is she at all competent; passing over the former as inefficient, the latter was portrayed as a vulgar romp, endeavouring to step into the good graces of the *Sultan*, and to effect this, practised all the awkward dancing steps I ever saw. At one time I fancied she was playing *Kitty*, in *High Life below Stairs*, and attempting the mock minuet. In one of the scenes with *Osmyn*, where *Roxalana* desires him to drink wine, *Osmyn* answers, "What I, that am a true *Mussluman*;" to which Miss Jameson replied, "If you were an *Oyster-man* you should take it!!" It never was intended by the author of the *Sultan* that *Roxalana*, should descend to such like puns, and Miss Jameson is advised for the future to be *selfish*, and keep them for her own private amusement. To Mr. Mallinson a word or two: rather decline accepting a character of no importance, than introduce buffoonery to make it prominent. *Osmyn* is certainly beneath the talents of this actor.

Bath, June 20, 1808.

ITEM.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

HISTORY.—History of Brazil, by Mr. Southey. History of the early part of the reign of James II. by the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, with a Preface by Lord Holland.

TRAVELS.—Travels in America, performed in 1806, by Thomas Ashe, Esq.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, by William Jay. Life of George Washington; by Aaron Bancroft, A. A. S. Pastor of the congregation church of Worcester. A new translation of the Memoirs of Marмонтel, written by himself, accompanied by a Preface, illustrative of some peculiarities of French manners, particularly in the literary and fashionable circles, which may render the work more easily understood; and Notes.

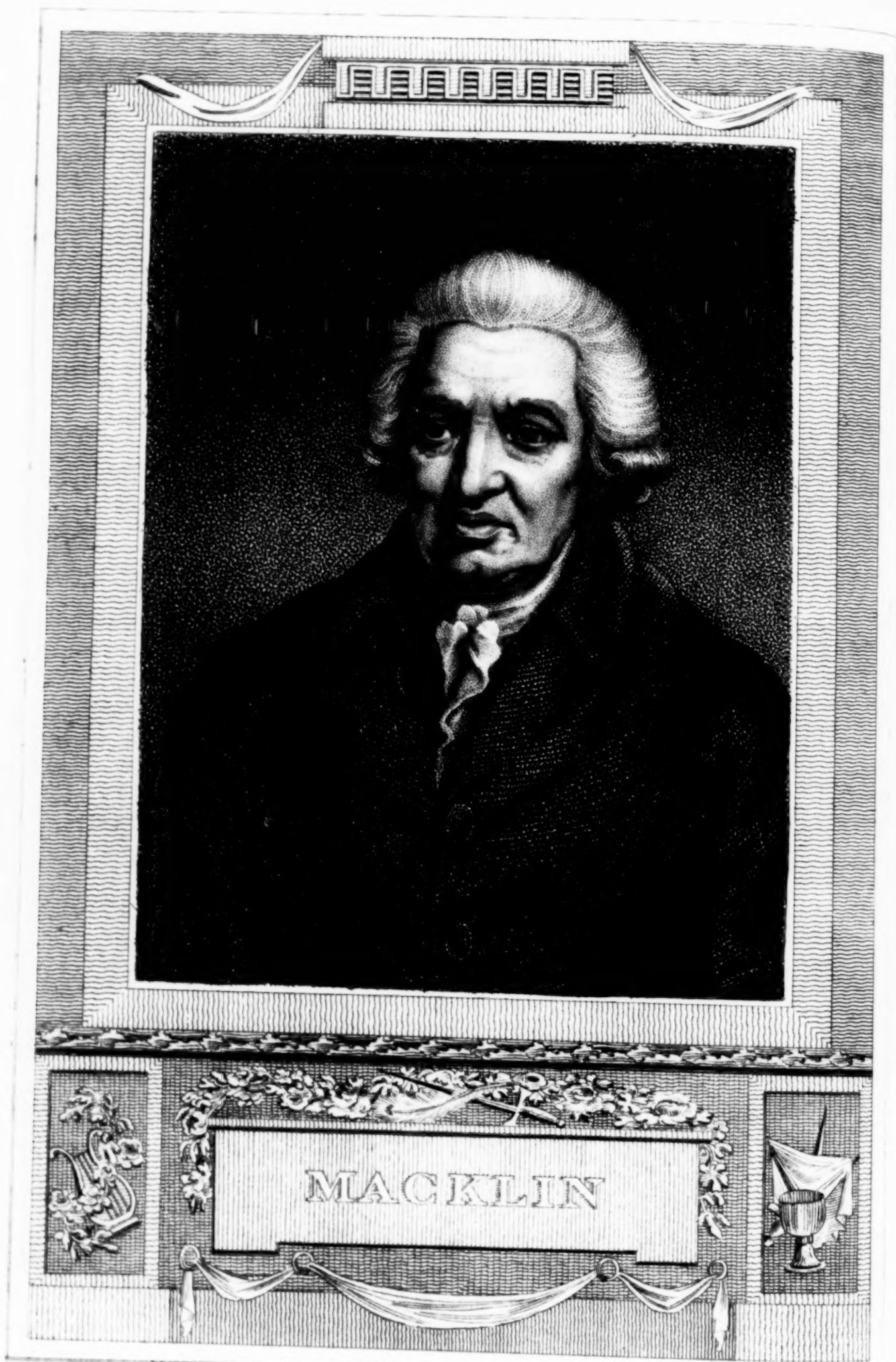
ROMANCES, &c.—Tales by the Rev. Mr. Bland. Earl of Cork; or Seduction without Artifices, by Madam de Genlis. Les Souvenirs de Felicie L—— by the same. Claire d'Albe, by Madam Cottin.

POETRY.—Musæ Seatonianæ; a collection of Poems which have obtained the annual prize founded by Mr. Seaton at the university of Cambridge, from the first institution of the premium in 1750, to the present time. The Sillet Gun, a Poem in four Cantos; founded on an ancient custom of shooting for a silver gun, first given as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries; by Mr. Mayne. Pursuits of Agriculture, a Satirical Poem, Canto I. Poems on Creation, Redemption, Day of Judgment, &c. by James Gaggin. Original Poems intended for the use of young persons, by the widow of Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. on a plan recommended by Dr. Watts. Critical opinions and complimentary verses on the Poems of H. Downman, [M. D. The Cruise, a poetical sketch of naval life and service.

DRAMA.—Jew of Mogadore, by R. Cumberland, Esq.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Five letters written by the late Empress, Maria Theresa, to her daughter, the late unfortunate Queen of France, on the very delicate and interesting subject of exciting and fixing the warmth of passion in husbands, and thereby securing their conjugal fidelity. Hints to the bearers of walking sticks, and umbrellas. Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Statement of the circumstances and manner of the death of Mr. Goldsmid, &c.





Opie delin.

Hopwood sculp.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, Augst 1. 1808.



Roberts pinx.

Meyer sculp.

WILKIE

Published by Mathews & Leigh, July 1st 1808.

